

## The Tragedie of Hamlet

And for my soule, what can it doe to that  
Being a thing immorall as it selfe;  
It waues me forth againe, Ile follow it.

*Hora.* What if it tempt you towards the floud my Lord,  
Or to the dreadfull ſomnet of the cleefe.  
That bettels ore his bafe into the Sea,  
And there affume ſome other horrible forme  
Which might depriue your Soueraigntie of reaſon,  
And draw you into madneſſe, thinke of it,  
The verie place puts toyes of deſperation  
Without more motiue, into euery braine  
That looks ſo many fadomes to the Sea  
And heares it rore beneath.

*Ham.* It waues me ſtill,  
Goe on, Ile follow thee.

*Mar.* You ſhall not goe my Lord.

*Ham.* Hold off your hands.

*Hora.* Be rul'd, you ſhall not goe.

*Ham.* My fate cries out  
And makes each petty attire in this bodie  
As hardie as the *Nemean* Lions nerue;  
Still am I cald, ynhand me Gentlemen  
By heauen Ile make a Ghoſt of him that lets me,  
I ſay away, goe one, Ile follow thee. *Exit Ghoſt and Hamlet.*

*Hora.* He waxes deſperate with imagination.

*Mar.* Lets follow, tis not fit thus to obey him.

*Hora.* Haue after, to what iſſue will this come?

*Mar.* Something is rotten in the ſtate of *Denmarke*.

*Hora.* Heauen will direct it.

*Mar.* Nay lets follow him. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Ghoſt and Hamlet.*

*Ham.* Whether wilt thou leade me, ſpeake, Ile go no further.

*Ghoſt.* Marke me.

*Ham.* I will.

*Ghoſt.* My houre is almoſt come  
When I to ſulphurous and tormenting flames  
Muſt render vp my ſelfe.

*Ham.* Alas poore Ghoſt.

*Ghoſt.*

## Prince of Denmarke.

*Ghoſt.* Pittie mee not but lend my ſerious hearing to  
what I ſhall vnfold.

*Ham.* Speake I am bound to heare.

*Ghoſt.* So art thou to reuenge, when thou ſhalt heare.

*Ham.* What?

*Ghoſt.* I am thy fathers ſpirit,  
Doom'd for a certaine tearme to walke the night,  
And for the day confin'd to faſt in fires,  
Till the foule crimes done in my daies of nature  
Are burnt and purg'd away: but that I am forbid  
To tell the ſecrets of my priſon-houſe,  
I could a tale vnfold whole lighteſt word  
Would harrow vp thy ſoule, freeze thy young bloud,  
Make thy two eies like ſtarres ſtarr from their Spheres,  
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,  
And each particular haire to ſtand an end,  
Like quills vpon the fearefull Porpentine:  
But this eternall blazon muſt not be  
To eares of fleſh and bloud, liſt, liſt, O liſt,  
If thou did'ſt euer thy deare father loue.

*Ham.* O God.

*Ghoſt.* Reuenge his ſoule, and moſt vnnatural murder.

*Ham.* Murder.

*Ghoſt.* Murder moſt foule, as in the beſt it is,  
But this moſt foule, ſtrange and vnnaturall.

*Ham.* Haſte me to know't, that I with wings as ſwift,  
As meditation, or the thoughts of loue  
May ſweepe to my reuenge.

*Ghoſt.* I find thee apt,  
And duller ſhouldeſt thou be then the fat weed  
That roots it ſelfe in eaſe on *Leibe* wharffe,  
Would'ſt thou not ſtirre in this; now *Hamlet* heare,  
Tis giuen out, that ſleeping in my Orchard,  
A Serpent ſtung me, ſo the whole care of *Denmarke*  
Is by a forged proceſſe of my death  
Rankely abuſed: but know thou noble Youth,  
The Serpent that did ſting thy fathers life  
Now weares his Crowne.

*Ham.* O my Prophetike ſoule my Vncle.

*Ghoſt.*